



Sprats O! Sprats O! fresh live Sprats.

A Num'rous train of li
This Woman feed
Sprats,
By Sprats (however poor
With good tight cloat
array'd,
And she herself, good hon
Still lives beholden unto
In mornings cold, so will
She buys at Billingsgate he
And all day long content
Crying, from street to street
And when bright Sol the
She to her home again re